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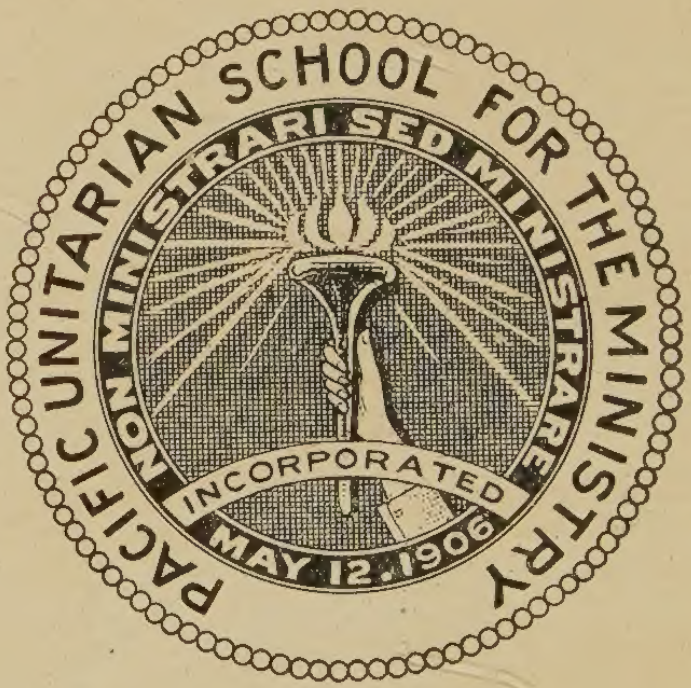

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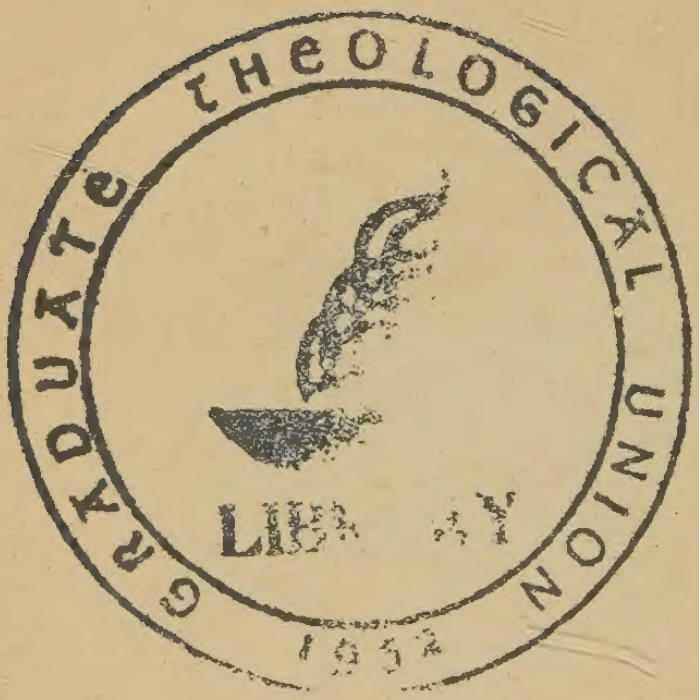

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THE

YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S

HYMN BOOK.

FIFTH EDITION.

(Stereotyped.)

WARRINGTON:

F. P. CARPENTER, OBERLIN PRESS;

1860.

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PREFACE.

The need has frequently been felt by teachers of an unexpensive Hymn Book, which, while adapted to the wants and capacities of the young and ignorant, should be calculated to excite and elevate the spiritual affections, and implant religious principles and sentiments which may be a guide and comfort through life. To supply this need, the following little volume has been compiled, and on it the Divine blessing is earnestly implored.

M. C.

HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

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HYMNS.

1 C. M. *St. Ann's.*

HOW glorious is our heavenly King
  Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
  His awful Majesty!

How great his Power is, none can tell,
  Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor those who dwell
  On high before his face.

Not Angels that stand round the Lord,
  Can search his sacred will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
  And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this heavenly train,
  And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
  To hear an infant sing.

2 S. M. *Chant.*

SING praise to God in heaven,
  Our Father and our Friend:
To him our grateful thanks be given,
  His mercies have no end.

22450

Sun, Moon, and stars above,
The Earth on which we stand,
And men and beasts that live and move,
Were made by God's command.

Keep us, O Lord, this night,
From danger, sin, and sorrow ;
And may we, if we see the light,
Be wise and good tomorrow.

And when our body dies,
And sleeps beneath the sod,
Oh may we from the grave arise,
To live with thee our God.

3 C. M. *Winchester.*

I SING the Almighty Power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the Wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the Goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye :
Oh may I ne'er forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh !

WILL God, who made the earth and sea,
The night, and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray ?

If I am hungry, poor, and cold,
Then will he hear my cry ?
And when I shall be sick and old,
Oh then will God be nigh ?

Yes ; in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love :
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

To those who seek him, he is near ;
He looks upon the heart ;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer ;
Where'er the faithful Christian goes,
He finds his Father there.

Obedient children need not fear ;
God is a faithful friend ;
And when no other help is near,
He will deliverance send.

Then fear not hunger, cold, or pain ;
But fear to disobey
That Power which does your life sustain,
And guards you every day.

5 L. M. *Rousseau's Dream.*

THE God of love is pleased to see
A little family agree :
And will not slight the praise they bring
When loving children join to sing—

(Chorus after each verse.)

We're all brothers, sisters, brothers :
We're all brothers, and heaven is our home.

For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store ;
And children here who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,
That fears to quarrel, fret and teaze,
And will not say an angry word,
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

O God ! forgive whenever we
Forget thy will, and disagree :
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

6 P. M. *Chant.*

HARK ! the little birds are singing ;
Winter's gone, and summer's near ;
See ! the tender grass is springing,
And the flowers will soon be here.

Who made the winter and the spring ?
Who painted all the flowers ?
Who taught the little birds to sing,
And made these hearts of ours ?

Oh ! 'tis God ! how good he is !
He does every blessing give ;
All this happy world is his ;
Let us love him while we live,

7 L. M. *Tiverton.*

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes !

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For folly finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give, for every day,
Some good account at last.

8 C. M. *Lydia.*

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made,
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live as the blessed Jesus did,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

The Lord of all, who reigns above,
Doth, from his heavenly throne,
Behold what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

9 C. M. *Lydia.*

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder, and to death.

Passion and pride may tempt each one
To rage against another:
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool,
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord! our childish rage:
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

10 C. M. *Tiverton.*

WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight:
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song;
Their words offend my ears;
I would not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that's used to mock,
They learn the wicked jest;
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

Oh may I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here,
That I may not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are!

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Theft will not be always hidden:
Though we fancy none can spy,
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven!
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

12 L. M.

OH! tis a lovely thing for youth,
To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say!

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he who does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and was so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
Which, just before, her husband told

Then let me always watch my lips,
And keep my tongue from every ill.
Since God a book of reckoning keeps,
For every lie that children tell.

3 C. M. *Unity*

HAPPY the child whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes:
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;

Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God! to thee
We would ourselves resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

14 C. M. *Unity*

WHAT blest examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who dwells above the sky,
Exalted by his God,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his father's word.

At twelve years old he talked with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand,)
Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet Hosannah sung,
And blessed their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
Whilst scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was weaned, and brought
To wait upon the Lord ;
Young *Timothy* betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay,
What others learnt so soon ;
Let me not pass another day
Without this work begun.

5 7s. *St. Lawrence.*

PRAISE to God, oh let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise ;
Of that goodness let us sing
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

Praise to him who made the light,
Praise to him who gave us sight,
Praise to him who formed the ear ;
Will he not his children hear ?

Praise him for our happy hours,
Praise him for our varied powers,
For these thoughts that rise above,
For these hearts he made for love.

For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin ;
Praise to him whose tender care
Keeps this watchful guardian there.

Praise his mercy that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend.
Praise him every heart and voice,
Him who makes all worlds rejoice.

16 L. M. *Old 100th.*

THERE is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do;
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence Christians all their comfort draw.
Lord! I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are sleeping in the silent tomb.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of life is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

17 S. M. *Shirland.*

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy Word.

Great God! this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Proclaimed the covenant of thy grace,
And sealed it with his blood.

Oh may the Gospel teach,
And may my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe!

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his Word,
And have not learnt in vain.

18 L. M. *Evening Hymn.*

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past;
Oh live this day as if thy last!
To improve thy talents take due care,
And for the judgment day prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere;
Thy conscience, as the noon-day, clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to their almighty King.

Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

19 L. M. *Evening Hymn.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close!
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

20 P. M. *Single Chant.*

LET not soft slumber | close thy | eyes,
Ere every action of the day
Impartial | ly thou | dost sur | vey.
"Where | have my | feet | chose | out | - their | way?
What have I learned, wher | e'er I've | been,
From all I've | heard, from | all I've | seen?
What know I more, that's | worth the | knowing?
What have I done, | that's | worth the | doing?
What | have I | sought, | that | I | - should | shun?
What duty have I | left un | done?
Or into | what new | follies | run?"
These self-inquiries | are the | road
That leads to | virtue, | and to | God.

21 P. M. *Chant.*

THOUGH I'm now in youthful days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich and great,
Others shall partake my goodness,
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn nor rudeness.

Where I see the blind and lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return their railing?
Since I best revenge my wrongs,
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
  Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll try to make them wise,
  Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

I'll not willingly offend,
  Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
  And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still,
  O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
  Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
  Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well
  As not to be afraid of dying.

22 *7s.* ***German Hymn.***

WHEN a foolish thought within
  Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us "it is sin,"
  And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,
  And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, "Your fault confess;"
  "Do not dare to tell a lie."

In the morning when we rise,
  And would fain omit to pray,
"Child, consider," Conscience cries;
  "Should not God be sought to-day?"

When within his holy walls,
Far abroad our thoughts we send,
Conscience often loudly calls,
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries;
"Do command your temper still."

Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call;
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

23 C. M. *Gregorian.*

NOW that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come, before I further run,
And give myself to GOD.

And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend
I never can foretell;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here;
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
Oh what have I to fear!

If I am poor, he can supply,
Who has my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills his poor with bread.

If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.

But, Lord! whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and gray,
O Lord! forsake me not.

Then still, as seasons hasten by,
I will for heaven prepare;
That God may take me when I die,
To dwell for ever there.

24 L. M. *Priory.*

GREAT God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father, and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

Art thou my Father?—canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer;
Or stoop to listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art thou my Father?—let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child, above.

25 8s & 7s. *Alma.*

HEAVENLY Father! hear our praises,
Led by Jesus to thy throne!
Gratitude thy mercy raises,
While thy boundless love we own.
Hallelujah!
All the praise be thine alone!

We, with thankful hearts, address thee,
For the grace thy love extends;
For instruction's light we bless thee,
For the kindness of our friends:
Hallelujah!
Every good from God descends.

For the tidings of salvation
  Brought by Jesus, Prince of Peace,
Herald of divine compassion,
  To a dark benighted race,—
    Hallelujah!
  Lord! thy mercies never cease.

How can God enough be praised,
  For the blessings still in store?
That to bliss we may be raised,
  When this world shall be no more:
    Hallelujah!
  Father! we thy name adore.

May we learn to love and fear thee,
  Trust and serve thee, all our days;
Then with Christ be ever near thee,
  Taught the songs of heaven to raise.
    Hallelujah!
  Praise to God! immortal praise!

26 L. M. *St. Ann's.*

THIS is the day when Christ arose
  So early from the dead:
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
  And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Christ o'ercame
  The power of death and hell:
And shall I still wear folly's chain,
  And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
  To pray and hear the word;
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
  To learn thy will, O Lord!

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And to prepare for heaven :
Oh may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

27 L. M. *Portuguese.*

LORD ; how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

Oh write upon my memory, Lord !
The truths and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Employ this youthful heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

28 P. M. *Irlam St.*

SWEETLY the sabbath bell
Steals on the ear,
That in the house of prayer
Bids us appear.
"Children of God," it seems
Softly to say,
"Haste to your Father's house,
Hasten to pray."

Sadly the funeral bell
Strikes on the heart,
When from their earthly home
Kind friends depart.
How like a warning voice
Sent from on high—
"Like him for whom we toll,
Thou too must die!"

Oft as the sabbath chimes
Summon to pray,
May we their holy call
Gladly obey;
That when the last sad knell
For us shall sound,
Ready our Judge to meet
We may be found.

29 P. M. *Benares.*

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guard defend us,
Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
The livelong night.

And when morn awakes, renewing
The busy day,
May we still, in all we're doing,
Thy will obey.

May thy love protect and guide us;
May we feel,—whate'er betide us,
Joy or sorrow,—thou'rt beside us,
The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping,
All safely lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou, O Lord, forsake us,
But to dwell in glory take us
With thee on high.

30 P. M. *Spanish Chant.*

JOIN now in praise, and sing
Hallelujah, Amen!
Praise to our heavenly king:—
Hallelujah, Amen!
By love and gratitude
Still be our hearts subdued;
Still be the song renewed,
Hallelujah, Amen!

Praise to the Lord most high.
Hallelujah, Amen!
Let every tongue reply—
Hallelujah, Amen!
Our Father and our Friend,
On thee our joys depend;
Thy love will never end,
Hallelujah, Amen!

Sing with both heart and voice,
Hallelujah, Amen!

Sing, and in God rejoice,
Hallelujah, Amen!
O Lord, each day we prove
Some token of thy love;
In thee we live and move;—
Hallelujah, Amen!
Praise yet the Lord again,
Hallelujah, Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah, Amen!
For when this life is o'er,
This dust thou wilt restore,
Thy goodness to adore:
Hallelujah, Amen!

31 7s. *Zschokke.*

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

Blessed Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son!
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts, wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,
In my meekness thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die:—

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

32 7s. *Gottingen.*

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise awoke when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall hail that day;
God will make new heaven and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

33 C. M. *Unity.*

SEE the kind shepherd, Jesus stands,
And calls his sheep by name;

Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds the tender lamb.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

When, wandering from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is seen,
To guide us lest we stray.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

34 P. M. *Child's Desire.*

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.
I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me!"

Yet still to the footstool of grace I may go,
And ask for a share in his love:
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that beautiful home:
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I so long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

35 L. M. *Concord.*

O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The dreary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into its sheltered nest.
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Falls the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?

Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

36 L. M. *Concord.*

'SEE how he loved!' exclaimed the Jews,
When Jesus o'er his Lazarus wept;
My grateful heart the words shall use,
While on his life my eye is kept.

See how he loved, who traveled on
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

See how he loved, who firm, yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue;
Who, oft provoked, yet ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

See how he loved, who died for man;
Who laboured thus, and thus endured,
To finish the all-gracious plan,
Which life and heaven to man secured.

And shall such love not meet return,
Not prompt the conduct, move the breast?

Saviour of men! our bosoms burn,
To prove our love by every test!

Yes, our dear Saviour will we love,
Who first the generous feeling knew;
His faithful followers ever prove,
And keep his pattern still in view.

37 P. M. *Chant.*

I FEEL within a want,
For ever burning there;
What I so thirst for, grant,
O thou who hearest prayer.

This is the thing I crave,
A likeness to thy Son;
This would I rather have,
Then call the world my own.

Like him, now in my youth,
I long, O God, to be;
In tenderness and truth,
In sweet humility.

'Tis my most fervent prayer;
Be it more fervent still,
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will!

38 8s & 7s. *Alma.*

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove:
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens,
God is wisdom, God is love.

Time and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move,
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

39 L. M. *Pilgrim's Rest.*

MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
May I be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends once loved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply,
Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what was thine:
Thy will be done.

Controul my will from day to day:
Blend it with thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore
Thy will be done.

40 L. M. *Poppythorne.*

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee,
In solitude to pray;
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are on thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,

Will reach *His* throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The power that he hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all.

41 7s. *Dresden.*

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the Judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd.
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
See his sacrifice complete!
"It is finished," hear him cry!
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes,
Saviour, teach us how to rise!

42 P. M. *Miriam's Song.*

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour has risen, and man shall not die!

Glory to God in full anthems of joy!
The being He gave us, death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with tomorrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end:
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

43 P. M. *Kingswood.*

Teachers. CHILDREN, will you go with us
To yon bright world?
Children. Teachers, we will go with you,
To yon bright world.

Together. Glory ! Hallelujah !
Praise him, Hallelujah !
Praise ye the Lord.

Teachers. Children, would you Jesus see
In yon bright world ?
Children. Yes, and happy we would be
In yon bright world ?
Together. Glory ! &c.

Teachers. Would you dwell with angels there
In yon bright world ?
Children. Yes, and God's own presence share
In yon bright world.
Together. Glory ! &c.

Together. God, our Father, ever reigns
In yon bright world.
We shall sing in sweeter strains
In yon bright world.
Glory ! &c.

44 P. M. *Single Chant,*

HAPPY Heaven ! | where will | come
The weary | ones, as | to a | home ;
God our Father | still be | stowing
Pleasures | new and | ever | growing.
Happy Heaven ! | there shall | we
With all we | love u | nited | be !
Oh let us | try to | win it !
Oh | let us | now be | gin it !
From earth upraise
Our | noblest | praise,
And | love all | things with | in it.

THERE was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When, this goodly world to frame,
The Lord of might and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
Glory to God in heaven!

There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark;
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heaven!

There was joy in heaven
There was joy in heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem;
And, along the echoing hill,
Angels sang,—'On earth good will,
And glory in the heaven!'

There is joy in heaven!
There is joy in heaven!
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in heaven!

46 C. M. *Lady Lane.*

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes;
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In sin's dire bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannahs, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

47 7s. *Amiens.*

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn
Here repose your heavy care;
A wounded spirit, who can bear?

Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm, that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

43 P. M. *Fripp's Chant.*

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker,—'Help, Lord! or we perish!'

When Jesus once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Was roused by the shriek of despair from his pillow,
He bade the waves cease their rash fury, and cherish
The suppliants crying,—'Help Lord! or we perish.'

O God! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer;—'Help, Lord! or we perish.'

THE aged sufferer waited long
Upon Bethesda's brink ;
Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,
Began in fears to sink ;
And heavy were the sighs he drew,
And fervent was his prayer,
For he, with safety full in view,
Still languished helpless there.

The hope grew dim ; but one was nigh,
Who saw the sufferer's grief :
That gentle voice, that pitying eye,
Gave promise of relief.
Each pang that human weakness knows,
Obeyed that powerful word :
He spake, and, lo ! the sick arose
Rejoicing in his Lord.

Father of Jesus ! when oppressed
With grief and pain we lie,
And, longing for thy heavenly rest,
Despair to look so high,—
Oh ! may the Saviour's words of peace,
Within the wounded heart
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
And strength and joy impart !

50 P. M. *Nain.*

WAKE not, O Mother, sounds of lamentation !
Weep not, O Widow ! weep not hopelessly :
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation ;
Strong is the word of God to succour thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse ; slowly, slowly bear him:
Hide his pale features with the sable pall:
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him ;
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
'Set down the bier ; he is not dead but sleeping ;
Young man, arise!'—He spake, and was obeyed!

Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation ;
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee:
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation ;
Strong was the word of God to succour thee.

51 C. M. *Stonefield.*

IF Love, the noblest, purest, best,
If truth, all other truth above,
Will claim returns from every breast,—
Oh surely Jesus claims our love!

There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild, and meek ;
With him we tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with our God to seek.

We see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid ;
We hear him in the frequent sigh
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

We meet him at the lonely tomb ;
We weep where Jesus wept before ;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise—and weep no more.

52 8s & 7s. *Calvary.*

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary.
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
"It is finished !"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finished !" Oh what pleasure
Do these dying words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished !"
Saints the dying words record.

53 7s. *Jones' Chant.*

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your songs and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply !

Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er !
Lo ! he sets in blood no more !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :

Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious king;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Glorious bond of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the resurrection, thou!

54 8s & 7s. *Alma.*

See the risen Lord ascending,
To behold his Father's face,
All his earthly sorrows ending,
Full of peace, and love, and grace.
Hallelujah!
Ever blessed be the Lord!

Ye, his followers, ardent gazing
Till his brightness dims your sight,
Upward still your spirits raising,
Dwell with him in heavenly light.
Hallelujah!
Joy, ye followers of the Lord!

Soon ye shall be with him ever!
Here his spirit is your guide:
Nought your faith in him shall sever;
Nought the love of God shall hide.
Hallelujah!
Blest the presence of the Lord!

Christians! still with patience striving
To obey the Lord ye love,
Soon your glorious morn arriving,
Ye shall live with him above.
Hallelujah!
Christians! haste to meet your Lord!

55 7s. *Infant Praises.*

CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of modern days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannahs to their king.

We are taught to love the Lord;
We are taught to read his word;
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannahs to their king.

Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Loud hosannahs fill the skies.
Hark! while all unite to sing
Loud hosannahs to their king.

56 S. M. *Shirland.*

SINCE Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent:
Yet still go on, from day to day,
Just as we always went.

Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before;
And shew that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.

Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
May we at once begin.

57 P. M. *Carshalton.*

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke
How much did he rejoice!
Oh blessed, happy child to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy I should be!
Oh how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

And does he never speak?
Oh yes; for, in his word,
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord; I would obey
The voice that I have heard;
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear!"

58 P. M. *Spanish Chant.*

FATHER, we love to meet
On this, thy holy day.
We worship round thy seat,
On this, thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly friend,
To thee our prayers ascend:
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this, thy holy day.

We dare not trifle now, On, &c.
In silent awe we bow, On, &c.
Check every wandering thought;

And let us all be taught
To serve thee as we ought, On, &c.

We listen to thy word, On, &c.
Bless all that we have heard, On, &c.
Go with us when we part;
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart, On, &c.

59 C. M. *Winchester.*

ALMIGHTY Father! I am weak;
But thou wilt strengthen me,
If from my heart I humbly seek
For help and light from thee.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,
And make my failing virtue strong;
Help me to think of thee!

Let Christian courage guard my youth;
That courage give to me,
Which ever speaks and acts the truth,
And puts its trust in thee.

60 S. M. *Tytherton.*

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his cradle and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were led
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
Were all alike divine:—

We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask his grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

62 7s. *Dresden.*

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;

Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

What thou shalt to day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What tomorrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

63 L. M. *Stonefield.*

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

But, worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

64 P. M. *Land o' th' Leal.*

GOD, who dwellest every where,
God, who makest all thy care,
God, who hearest every prayer,
Thou who seest the heart;
Thou to whom we lift our eyes,
Father, help our souls to rise,
And, beyond these narrow skies,
See thee as thou art.

Let our anxious thoughts be still,
Holy trust adore thy will,
Holy love our bosoms fill,
Let our songs ascend.
Dearest friends may parted be,
All our earthly treasures flee,
Yet we never part from thee,
Our eternal Friend.

65 P. M. *Geneva.*

GLAD hearts to thee we bring,
With joy thy name we sing,
Father above:
Creation praises thee,
O'er all around we see
Tokens of love.

Thou who in heaven art,
To us that grace impart
Our Master knew:
Aid us like him to live,
To thee our young hearts give,
Thou only true!

Unite our souls in love,
Smile on us from above,
Till life be o'er:
Then gather us to thee,
In thine own fold to be
For evermore.

66 8s & 7s. *Auxburg.*

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

Father, source of all compassion!
Free unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,

Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

67 P. M. *Handel's 104th.*

MY soul praise the Lord: speak good of his name,
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim;
To God their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

Though, hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
Yet here, by his works their author is known,
Who rides on the whirlwind while clouds veil his form,
Who smiles in the sunbeam or frowns in the storm.

By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
He governs this earth with gracious design;
O'er beast, bird, and insect his providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

And man, his last work, with reason endued,
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed;
To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

68 L. M. *Creation.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale:
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

69 C. M. *St. Ann's.*

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it penetrates the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure its sacred page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

70 L. M. *Old* 100*th*.

LORD! Thou hast searched and seen me through,
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all my powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there !

71 6-8s. ***Carey's.***

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned ;
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin.

Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe:
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

73 8s & 7s. *Bread of heaven*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land!
I am weak, but thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

SWEET spices they brought on their star-lighted [way,
And came to the grave by the dawning of day.

"But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?"
They said, as the tears from their weeping eyes stole.

The stone is removed, and the Saviour is gone!
Oh, hail, ye disciples, this bright sabbath morn!

But who will the stone from our darkened hearts roll?
Ah, who can unseal the self-bound soul?

O Father! thy life-giving Spirit impart!
Let Jesus arise in our sin-stricken heart!

Then gladly we'll toil in the world's hard strife;
And lovingly walk on in newness of life.

75 P. M. *Handel's 104th.*

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun,
And there followed : some droppings : of rain!
But now the fair traveler's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a : bright rising : again.

Just such is the christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his : heavenly : way.

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace;
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

76 7s & 6s. *Poppythorne.*

WE come, great God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near;
And thou, O God, dost send us
These gifts, these friends so dear.

And now, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth for ever
Shall be our constant guide;
From that straight path may never
Our footsteps turn aside.

77 7s. *Walden.*

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die:
After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity.

[Let us then make God our Friend,
And on all his ways attend.]

78 C. M. *Unity.*

HOW long sometimes a day appears!
And weeks how long are they!
Months move as slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.

But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

Days, months and years must have an end;
Eternity has none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first began.

Great God! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time, with thee!

79 P. M. *Luther's Hymn.*

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

80 8s & 7s. *Russian Hymn.*

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

81 8s & 7s. *Sicilian.*

NOW, O Father, may thy blessing
Rest upon the hours of sleep;
Every anxious thought repressing,
Through the night my pillow keep.

Let thy providence protect me
In the thickest gloom of night:
There's no danger can affect me,
That is hidden from thy sight.

By thy goodness ne'er forsaken,
I this night will trust in thee;
In the morning to awaken,
And another day to see.

And when life's last day is ending,
Then in sleep I'll close these eyes,
On a brighter day depending,
In a better world to rise.

82 P. M. *Night Song.*

WHEN the world is sleeping,
And the moon is keeping
Her watch above,

Then I fain would seek the skies,
For my soul doth upward rise,
In silent love.

If my spirit pineth,
Every star that shineth
Seems thus to say,
"Mortal sorrows last a night,
Endless is the happy light
Of heaven's pure day."

Nought below can harm us,
Not e'en death alarm us,
With heaven in view.
Smiling hope forbiddeth tears,
Perfect love expelleth fears,
For God is true.

83 7s. *Dowland.*

SAFELY through another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the coming Sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Through the week our praise demand
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand,—
Now from worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near!

May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear!
Holy may each Sabbath prove,
Till we join the church above!

84 P. M. *Tyrolese.*

COME to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone:
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given,
By the cool soft evening hours. Then
Come, come, come.

Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;
When the burden and the heat
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door. Then
Come, come, come.

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat:
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet. Then
Come, come, come.

So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God.
Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done. Then
Come, come, come.

85 7s. *Jubilee.*

EVERY gentle gale that blows;
Every little stream that flows
Through the green and flowery vale;
Every flower that scents the gale:
Every soft refreshing shower
Sent upon the drooping flower;
Every tempest rushing by,
Says to man that God is nigh.

Lofty hills with forests crowned;
Deserts where no tree is found;
Rivers from the mountain's source
Winding on their fruitful course;
Ocean with its mighty waves,
Rocks and sands, and pearly caves;
All that in the ocean dwell,
Unto us his goodness tell.

Every little creeping thing;
Every insect on the wing:
Every bird, that warbling flies
Freely through his native skies;

Beasts that far from man abide,
Those that gambol by his side,
Cattle on a thousand hills,
Say that God creation fills.

He has taught with wondrous art,
Each to bear its proper part;
Food and shelter how to gain,
How to guard itself from pain;
Make its own existence bright,
While it serves for man's delight;
All his creatures, every hour,
Speak of God and show his power.

86 P. M. *Fordton.*

GOD intrusts to all talents few or many;
None so young and small that they have not any.
Though the great and wise have a greater number;
Yet my one I prize, and it must not slumber.

God will surely ask, ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task which to me was given?
Little drops of rain bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain much by little powers.

Every little mite, every little measure,
Helps to spread the light, helps to swell the treasure.
God intrusts to all talents few or many,
None so young and small that they have not any.

87 7s. *Gottingen.*

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!

Ye, who now his kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless the God of love.

88 C. M. *Leicester.*

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
My God, remember me!

Temptations strong beset my way;
Lord, to my succour flee;
Give strength according to my day;
For good, remember me!

89 L. M. *Portuguese.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore.
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

90 L. M. *Old 100th*

COME, children! brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart:
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

Children! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Soon, brethren! we may meet again.

91 P. M. *Carshalton.*

The year hath passed away,
Swift as the gliding stream;
And all its scenes appear
Like relics of a dream!
Spent are its griefs, its joys are flown,
And memory holds their trace alone!

Frail, fleeting life! how soon
May thy probation close,
And they who prize thee most,
In the still grave repose!
Thy joys are brief--they cannot last;
And change comes o'er thy seasons fast.

Then pause, my soul, and trace
Time's progress, and thine own:
Shall earth thy cares engage,
When better things are known?
Oh! fix thy love on heavenly bliss;
All other good shall fail but this.

Yes! let thy zeal be strong,
Life's purpose to fulfil;
And work, with all thy powers,
Thy righteous Father's will:
So shall thy deeds be truly blest,
And death conduct to endless rest.

92 P. M. *Batavia.*

COME, let us anew, our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The heavenly year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

Oh that each in the day of his coming may say
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou did'st give me to do."
Oh that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done:
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

93 P. M. *Carshalton.*

GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days.
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

My soul, and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be!

All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee.
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven,
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

94 P. M. *Joyful.*

HERE we suffer grief and pain:
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.

Chorus after each verse.

Oh that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven shall go,
And sing with saints above.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday School.

Teachers too shall meet above;
And our parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

God shall wipe away all tears:
Pain and sorrow, sighs and fears,
For ever flee away.

Oh how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising God above.

95 P. M. *Happy Land*

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing
"Worthy is our Saviour king,"
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free:
Lord we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do, in any thing,
To do it as for thee!

97 P. M. *Benares.*

I'M but a stranger here, Heaven is my home:
Earth has its deserts drear, Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,—Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage, Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage: heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast:
I shall reach home at last: Heaven is my home.

There at my Saviour's side,—Heaven is my home.
May I be glorified!—Heaven is my home.
There, with the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
May I for ever rest! Heaven is my home.

Therefore I'll murmur not, heaven is my home,
Whate'er my earthly lot: Heaven is my home.
If only I may stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland: Heaven is my home.

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P. P. Carpenter, Oberlin Press, Warrington.
Price 3d., cloth; or 100 copies for £1

SUPPLEMENT

TO

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S

HYMN BOOK.

COMPILED BY

MARY CARPENTER.

BRISTOL:
I. ARROWSMITH, PRINTER, 11, QUAY STREET.

1866.

PREFACE.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S HYMN BOOK has supplied the want which led to its compilation about eighteen years ago. It has been extensively used without respect of creed, and after passing through several editions has been stereotyped. Our scholars use it with pleasure and profit while with us, and then carry it to their distant homes. The want is now felt for other hymns, and for some adapted to a more advanced age. To supply this, the following hymns have been collected from various sources, from which they have been copied without alteration. Care has been taken to select elevated and beautiful poetry, as this is known to exercise the greatest influence on the spirit.

M. C.

BRISTOL,
Dec. 20th, 1865.

HYMNS.

PART I.

1. P.M.

AGAIN we meet together, in safety and in peace,
Protected by His providence, whose bounties never cease;
To God, our Heavenly Father, a hymn of praise we sing,
And to His throne of mercy our grateful offering bring.

Father Almighty!
Thy goodness we adore;
We bless and praise Thy holy name,
Both now and evermore.

He sends the pleasant sunshine, He sends refreshing showers; [flowers;
His are the winter's frost and snow, and His the summer
In midnight's starry splendour, in noonday's warmth and light, [bright.
His power and grace are shining, for ever clear and

He gives us food and shelter, glad homes and loving friends;
Each pure affection good and true from His own heav'n descends. [and speech,
The means of gaining knowledge, the powers of thought
Are all bestowed in wisdom,—new lessons still to teach.

His voice, in conscience speaking, makes known the
way of right;
His holy Spirit strengthens us, His wisdom gives us
light;
And Christ our sacred teacher, so loving, kind and true,
Has shown us how to please Him, and all His will to do.

Our Father watches o'er us when, on our earthly way,
Some cloud of grief or trouble obscures the brighter day;
Then will we fear no evil, but still our faith will prove,
Relying on His promise, and trusting in His love

For ever let us bless Him, in thought and word and deed,
Rejoicing in the constant care that gives us all we need.
With grateful hearts and voices we'll sing His praises
here,
And in our lives will serve Him, and be His children
dear.

Father Almighty!
Thy goodness we adore;
We bless and praise Thy holy name,
Both now and evermore.

2. P.M.

God! what a great and awful word!
Oh! who can speak His worth?
By saints in heaven He is adored,
And feared by men on earth;
And yet a little child may bend,
And say, "My Father and my Friend."

The glorious sun that blazes high,
The moon, more pale and dim,
And all the stars that fill the sky,
Are made and ruled by Him:
And yet a child may ask His care,
And call upon His name in prayer.

And this large world of ours below,
The waters and the land,
With all the trees and flowers that grow,
Were fashioned by His hand:
Yes, and He forms our infant race,
And even I may seek His grace.

Ten thousand angels sing His praise
On high, to harps of gold;
But holy angels dare not gaze
His brightness to behold:
Yet a poor lowly infant may
Lift up its voice to God, and pray.

And all His faithful servants now,
The wise, and good, and just,
Before His sacred footstool bow,
And own they are but dust:
But what can I presume to say?
Yet He will hearken when I pray.

Oh, yes! when little children cry
He loves their simple prayer;
His throne of grace is always nigh,
And I will enter there:
I'll go depending on His word,
And seek His grace through Christ the Lord.

3. L.M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker to Thy name.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

4. P.M.

Praise to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy;
He whose hand upholds all nature;
He whose nod can all destroy:
Saints! with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise,

Solemn songs to heaven ascending
Join the universal praise.

Round His awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here His milder grace revealing,
Here His wrath no thunder rolls;
Lo! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of His love;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize, the proffered blessing,
Grace from God and peace within:
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

5. P.M.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, His praise proclaim.
As the heaven the earth transcends.
Over us His care extends.

He with loving kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with food;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed.

Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus;
As a father loving-hearted
Spares his son, He spareth us;
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field flower where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful—anon,
When the south wind softly bloweth,
Look again, the flower is gone.
Such is man, his honours pass
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity enduring,
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still His people's bliss ensuring
Keeps His covenanted word.
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

6. P.M.

Blessed be Thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guide and giver,
Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping;
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock and river,
Blessed be Thy name for ever.

Thou Who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, of dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathing of eternity;
God of life that fadeth never
Blessed be Thy name for ever.

7. P.M.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light;
For, &c.

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For, &c.

He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For, &c.

Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For, &c.

8. L.M.

Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity!
With splendour from Thy glory spread,
Are heaven and earth replenished.

To Thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high;
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise Thee.

The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast;
Thy holy church, in every place,
Throughout the earth exalts Thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day;
O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us when we call!

9. L.M.

Hosanna! Lord, Thine angels cry;
Hosanna! Lord, we here reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

O Father! with protecting care
Meet us in this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Messiah's name,
Thy promised blessing here we claim.

But chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! let Thy spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

10. L.M.

O THOU, to Whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at setting noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou, to Whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung!
To Thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

11. P.M.

Lo! God is here: let us adore,
And humbly bow before His face;
Let all within us feel His power,
Let all within us seek His grace;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo! God is here: Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord! our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a faltering tongue.

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
A pure and holy sacrifice.

12. P.M.

Sing to the Lord, in cheerful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs,
  Whose goodness still unceasing flows;
Repeat His name with grateful mind,
Who, ever good and ever kind,
  No change, no variation knows;
O Thou, our God and Father too!
Our grateful homage is Thy due.

Sovereign alone of earth and sky!
On Thee, for every hour's supply,
  Thy various creatures all depend;
Man, whom Thy light has given to know
The Source whence all his blessings flow,
  Views in his God his kindest friend;
O Thou, our God and Father too!
Our grateful homage is Thy due.

Yet still our notes we'll higher raise,
To celebrate in ardent praise
  Eternal life through Jesus given;
Thy gracious messenger he came,
(For ever blessed be Thy name!)
  And pointed out the way to heaven;
O Thou, our God and Father too!
Eternal praises are Thy due.

13. P.M.

Begin, my soul! the exalted lay;
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
  And praise the Almighty's name;

Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the glorious theme.

Thou heaven of heavens, His vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak His power;
Lo! on the forked lightning's wing
In triumph rides the eternal king;
The astonish'd worlds adore.

Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunder of the skies,
Praise Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

Wake, all ye feather'd throngs, and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him, who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitterings wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man—by nobler passion sway'd—
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's extended arch rebound
The general burst of joy.

14. P.M.

The mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
Which fill this chequer'd scene.

His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.

Eternal God! who shall not fear,
And trust and love, with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name!
While man, Thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for Thy days,—
Thou ever art the same.

15. P.M.

My God! Thy boundless love I praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from Thy eternal throne,
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
  Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
It breathes in every gale that blows,
  And glides in every rill.

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
  Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
  And smile on every vale.

In Thy blest gospel see it shine
With grace and glory most divine,
  Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
  And opens all her heaven.

Then let the love which makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
  And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
  My soul's eternal good!

Dart from Thy own celestial flame
One vivid beam, to warm my frame
  With kindred energy;
Mark Thy own image on my mind,
And teach me to be good and kind,
  And love and bless like Thee.

16. S.M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives our sins,
'Tis He relieves our pain,
'Tis He who heals our sicknesses,
And gives us health again.

He crowns our lives with love
When rescued from the grave:
He who redeems our lives from death
From every ill can save.

He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the opprest.

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
And sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

17. L.M.

PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glorious bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above;
The unchanging Source of light and love.

Our rising earth His eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

"Let there be light," Jehovah said;
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand revealed,
As in the Saviour's face beheld,

My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

18. L.M.

PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;

His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds all round the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beast with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

Tell of the Lord, how great His might,
But say, His love is infinite;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

The meek are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks and loves His image there.

19. P.M.

Great God! the heaven's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of Thy name;
  There Thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
  Of boundless power and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
  Lectures of heavenly wisdom read:
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
  And neither sound nor language need.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
  And distant nations know their voice;
The sun, in robes of splendour drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
  Moves round, and makes the earth rejoice.

Wher'er he spreads his beams abroad
He smiles, and speaks his Maker, God:—
  All nature joins to shew Thy praise:—
Thus God in every creature shines:
Bright in the book of nature's lines,
  But brighter in the book of grace.

20. C.M.

For life and health we bless Thee,
For hearing and for sight,
For food and clothing and abode,
For the rest of the dreamy night,—
  We bless Thee, oh! our God.

For all the friends we love on earth,
For all who grant us love,
For the sweet affections budding here
To bloom in Heaven above,—
  We bless Thee, oh! our God.

For Summer's fragrant flowers and fruits,
For Autumn's harvest store,
For Winter's healthful snow and storm,
For Spring's renewing power,—
We bless Thee, oh! our God.

For Thy noble sacred gift of speech,
The power of commune sweet,
Whereby the loving heart of man
His brother's heart may meet,—
We bless Thee, oh! our God.

For the wondrous art of writing,
Which brings the absent near
And makes the dead of ages past
Speak wisdom in the ear,—
We bless Thee, oh! our God.

And for all deep Wisdom's fountains,—
That "Wisdom from above"
Thy Spirit gives each prayerful soul
To teach all Truth and Love,—
We bless Thee, oh! our God.

For that fullest Word descending,
Like "the wind that bloweth free,"
Through him who called Thee Father
On the Mount of Galilee,—
We bless Thee, oh! our God.

We bless Thee for the dearest gift
Enjoyed or understood,
For the priceless gift to know and feel
That Thou Thyself art GOOD,—
We bless Thee, oh! our God.

21. C.M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While Angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
O teach us how to pray!

22. C.M.

GREAT Guardian of our youthful days
To Thee our prayers ascend;
To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
O Thou, the children's Friend!

From Thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
Oh! save our souls from sin and woe,—
Thou art the children's Friend.

Teach us to prize Thy holy word,
And to its truths attend;
Then shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the children's Friend.

Oh! may we feel our Saviour's love,
And willing service lend
To him, who, sent by God above,
Was here the children's Friend.

Lord, draw our youthful hearts to Thee,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With Thee, the children's Friend.

23. P.M.

GOD, my strength, to Thee I pray!
Turn not Thou thine ear away;
Gracious to my cry attend,
While the suppliant knee I bend.

Grant me, Lord, Thy peace and light,
To direct my steps aright,

To protect, in trial's hour,
From the world's ensnaring power.

Cleanse me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
Let me thence, by Thee renew'd,
All presumptuous sin exclude.

Let my tongue, from rashness free,
Speak the words approved by Thee;
And to Thine all-searching eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

Hear, and to my soul display
Mercy's all enlivening ray;
Let it lead, in faith and love,
Onward to a home above.

24. P.M.

Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious name ador'd;
Lord! Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Though unworthy, Lord! Thy ear
Yet our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;

And through Heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to Thee shall ever sound.

Lord! Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious name ador'd.

25. S.M.

O God! my strength! my hope!
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up
To Thee who hearest prayer:
Grant me on Thee to wait,
The work assign'd fulfil;
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Father's will!

Grant me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all temptation fly,—
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Thy will may I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise;
And all I think, and say, and do,
Be one great sacrifice:
Fill me with godly fear,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give!

26. P.M.

To prayer, to prayer; for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes,
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love.
O then, on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer; for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer; for the day that God hath blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom:
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, fairer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless, joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake! awake! gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of heaven unceasing praise;
To Him let thy heart and thy powers be given;
For a life of prayer is a life of heaven!

27. C.M.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page
  Majestic as the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
  It gives, but borrows none.

The hand which gave it, still supplies
  The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
  They rise, but never set.

Let endless thanks, O God! be thine,
  For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
  With beams of heavenly day.

With steadfast zeal may I pursue
  The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
  In brighter worlds above.

28. P.M.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
  That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
  Ye that sang "Peace on earth!"
    To us yet speak the strains
      Wherewith, in days gone by,
    Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
      O voices of the sky!

O clear, and shining light, whose beams
  That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
  And on the shepherd's head!

Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to him, whose love
Brought hope and mercy free!
Where art thou? Mid the host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to him!

29. C.M.

See from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend.

"This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaim'd the voice divine;
"Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."

His mission thus confirm'd from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
In God his Father's name.

The path of heavenly peace he show'd,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful followers here,
Shall live no more to die.

Oh may we then who own him Lord,
And his lov'd name profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his mind possess!

30. S.M.

Behold the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The promise of His word.

No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

Jesus, the light of men,—
His doctrine life imparts;
Oh may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts!

Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way;
The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

31. L.M.

If love, the noblest, purest, best,—
If truth, all other truths above,
Will claim return from every breast,
Oh! surely Jesus claims our love.

There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime!

We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him we tread the hallow'd ground,
Communion with our God to seek.

We see his gentle, pitying eye,
When lowly want appeals for aid;
We hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

We meet him at the lonely tomb;
We weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise, and weep no more.

32. L.M.

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven He led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes! sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Decay then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

33. L.M.

When power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove;
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

Bless'd be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

When men with fiend-like passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage;
Blest be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers, "God is over all."

God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by Him forgot,
Of those who know, or know Him not.

And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

34. P.M.

Lord! we sit and cry to Thee,
Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darkened souls to see
The glory of Thy perfect day:

Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
And give Thyself unto our sight.

Lord! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run
The glory of Thy blest abode,
The uncreated light of God.

35. P.M.

Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of love.

36. L.M.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine;
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern! may I bear
More of thy gracious image here!
That God, in heaven, may find in me
A soul prepared to dwell with thee.

37. L.M.

And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;—
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!

O how benevolent, and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
O if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!

38. S.M.

We want to be like Jesus,—
So lowly, and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

We want to be like Jesus,—
Obedient when a child,
Who kept his parent's word, and lived
So holy, and so mild.

We want to be like Jesus,—
So frequently in prayer;
Alone, upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there.

We want to be like Jesus,—
We never, never, find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

Alas! we're not like Jesus,—
From sin and folly free;
Oh! gentle Saviour, pure and good,
May we become like thee.

39. P.M.

How sweet the words, and how benignly spoken
By him whose blessings age to age have blest:
"All ye who labour, and are heavy laden,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

"Come unto me, however great the burden,
"Come unto me, I can its weight remove;
"And from these scenes of woe and war transport ye
"To fields of blessedness, and peace, and love.

"Come unto me; a sweet and heavenly welcome
"Waits for the weary, waits for the opprest;
"Come unto me, ye pilgrims of earth's valley,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

"Come unto me, ye feeble and ye fainting,
"Come unto me, dejected and distrest;
"Weeping and wasted, troubled and tormented,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

40. P.M.

See the grateful sister bending
O'er her much-loved Saviour's form;
While her thanks to heaven ascending
From her heart burst pure and warm.
For his mercy, prompt to save,
Doth she bless her heavenly Lord;
For a brother from the grave,
To the light of life restor'd.

Who shall blame the kind oblation,
Perfumes rich, profusely shed!
No, through each remotest nation
Shall her grateful fame be spread!
Fair the diamond's star-like blaze,
Through the dark mine richly strew'd;
Fairer far the gentle rays
Of the Christian's gratitude.

41. P.M.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

42. P.M.

Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven from whence they fall
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

43. P.M.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:—

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

Waft, waft ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.

44. P.M.

Weep, Zion, weep;
In death's deep sleep
Your King his head doth bow;
The lips are silent now,
Whence grace was wont to flow.

In saddest strain
Our songs complain;
What grievous wonder here!
This Son of God, most dear,
Doth fill the mortal bier!

Yet O rejoice,
With soul and voice;
The mystery is fled!
He riseth from the dead,
As our own hearts had said!

45. P.M.

He dies, the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,—
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

Break off your fears, ye saints, and say
How high your great Deliverer reigns;

Tell how He rose to endless day,
And led the tyrant death in chains:
Say, "Live for ever, glorious king!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

46. P.M.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the cheek so pale and worn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Low before thee, Lord, we bow;
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
The life breathed out in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;

Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do;"
By the sealed and guarded cave;
By the spoiled and empty grave;
By that clear immortal brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

47. P.M.

ANGEL! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See the Saviour, from the tomb
Rising in immortal bloom.

Mortals! raise the rapturous song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.

Powers of heaven, seraphic quires!
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men! in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?
Hallelujah.

48. L.M.

Hosanna! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising king,
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, the appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

Hosanna! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquered when he fell!

49. P.M.

The man who was crowned with thorns,
  The man who on Calvary died,
The man who bore scourgings and scorns,
  Whom sinners agreed to deride,
Now blessed for ever is made,
  And God hath rewarded his pain;
Now glory hath crowned his head;
  Heaven sings of the Lamb that was slain.

By faith we contemplate his joy,
  And hope in due season to share;

For, as our forerunner on high,
Our places he's gone to prepare:
Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up our cross;
His servants shall be where he is,
And all that we lose is but dross.

The good to his followers done,
(For so hath his gospel declar'd,)
As done to himself he will own,
And crown with an endless reward:
They are honour'd whom he shall approve;
Their riches shall never decay;
Their joy is complete in his love;
Their tears shall be all wip'd away.

His God and his Father is ours;
Our foes and our arms are the same;
The world with its dangerous powers,
By faith and by hope he o'ercame:
Then let us march cheerfully on,
The road that before us he trod;
It leads us where he is now gone,
To heaven, himself, and his God.

50. P.M.

If we the Saviour's laws obey,
Submissive to his righteous sway,
Our happiness is sure:
Whate'er befal us here below,
Of toil, of suffering, joy or woe,
The trial soon is o'er.

The day will come when we shall hear
The Judge's awful voice—"Draw near,"—
And rise to bliss on high;
O'er death triumphant, wing our way
To realms of everlasting day,
To joys that never die.

Thanks be to God's redeeming grace,
Which saved this sinful, mortal race,
Through Christ our glorious Head,
Who took the sting of death away,
Destroy'd the grave's terrific sway,
And wide his triumph spread.

Then steadfast in his work abide,
Unmov'd by every hope beside,
Abounding in his love:
Ye know your labour's not in vain,
Since life, eternal life you gain,
With Christ, your Lord, above.

51. P.M.

Lo! he comes, from heaven descending,
Sent to judge both quick and dead;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See our great exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

Full of awful expectation
All before the Judge appear;

Truth and justice go before him:
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fear and sorrow;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
"Welcome, welcome, to the skies."

Now at once they rise to glory;
Jesus brings them to the King;
There, with all the host of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing:
Hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high!

52. P.M.

Hear, O ye dead, awake, arise!
The sounding trumpet shakes the skies;
The awful Judge is near:
Angelic guards attend him down;
And flaming round his fiery throne
A thousand terrors glare.

Pale guilt looks upwards with amaze;
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
And conscience tells her doom;
Struck with unutterable dread,
The sinner fain would hide his head,
And shrink within the tomb.

But ye, his happy saints, rejoice;
No terrors hath the Monarch's voice,
  His looks no frowns, for you:
He comes your spirits to convey
To regions of eternal day,
  To joys for ever new.

"Blest of my Father! haste," he cries;
"In shining triumph mount the skies,
  To nobler worlds above;
There shall ye share my blissful sight,
And taste the fulness of delight,
  In my eternal love."

END OF PART I.

PART II.

53. L.M.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And rob'd in splendour, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies!

Oh, like the sun, may we fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With steady mind, and active will,
Press on and keep our heavenly way!

But we shall rove, and lose our race,
If God, our Sun, should disappear,
And leave us in the world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

Lord! Thy commands are right and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give us Thy counsel for our guide,
And then receive us to Thy bliss;
May every wish and hope beside
Be faint and cold compared with this.

54. L.M.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

55. P.M.

Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;

Lord! may we be Thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly light;
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound:
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last:
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

56. L.M.

Awake, my soul! awake mine eyes!
'Tis time for morning sacrifice!
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night!

Arise, my soul! and thou, my voice,
In songs of early praise rejoice!
O great Creator! heavenly King!
Thy praises ever let me sing.

Thy power hath made, Thy goodness kept
This fenceless body while I slept;—
Yet one day more hath lent to me,
From all the powers of darkness free.

O keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure;
That, when my last of days is come,
Serenely I may wait my doom.

57. C.M.

What secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?

'Tis Thine, my God!—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm:
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

'Tis Thine,—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lilly springs
In beauty from the ground.

This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat;
That bare me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.

In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

May that dear hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to Thy holy hill,
And to Thy dwelling-place.

58. P.M.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt, nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

59. L.M.

Holiest! breathe an evening blessing
  Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
  Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
  Though the arrow past us fly;
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
  We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
  Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
  Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

60. L.M.

WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord, is full of Thee:
I feel Thee in the gloom of night;
I view Thee in the morning light.

When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can every thought control;
Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest,
Soon as Thy comfort, Lord, appears,
My sighs are hushed, and dried my tears.

Thy wisdom guides, Thy will directs,
Thine arm upholds, Thy power protects;
With Thee when I at dawn converse,
The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.

Then, as the sun illumes the skies,
O Sun of righteousness, arise!
Dispel the gloom of mental night,
Being of beings! Light of light!

61. L.M.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, for ever near!
It is not night, if Thou be here:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

62. L.M.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;

But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Faith in His name forbids my fear:
Lord! may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning may I hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

Thus when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

63. L.M.

My God! how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

64. L.M.

Again our weekly labours end,
And we the house of prayer attend:
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blest.

This day may our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;
And heaven that peace divine bestow,
Which none, but they who fell it, know.

This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

Thy boundless mercy, Lord! we view;
Our thankful tribute here renew;
Grateful reflect on blessings past,
While hope gives future to our taste.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
In work divine this day we spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

65. L.M.

Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy temple rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
Content we'd leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

66. C.M.

Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And glad hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which endless blessings will bestow
On thousands yet unborn.

67. P.M.

At the portals of Thy house,
Lord! we leave our mortal cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers:
Pure and contrite hearts alone
Find acceptance at Thy throne.

Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord!
Teach them Zion's heavenly way,
To their feet Thy light afford:
Let the world united join
To extol Thy love divine.

68. P.M.

Father! here Thy glory praising,
We have sought Thy grace and love;
To Thy throne our voices raising,
For Thy blessings from above.
From this "gate of heaven" ascending,
We have long'd to see Thy face;
Now our peaceful Sabbath ending,
We must leave Thy holy place.

Father ! when the world is round us,
Let Thy spirit be our guide:
When death's stormy waves surround us,
Be Thou ever at our side.
Then on high our voices raising,
Where no Sabbaths pass away,
May we, still Thy goodness praising,
Dwell with Thee in endless day.

69. L.M.

SPARED to another spring,
We raise our grateful songs;
'Tis pleasant, Lord, Thy praise to sing
For praise to Thee belongs.

Ten thousand different flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds, in shady bowers,
Sing forth Thy tender care.

The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wondrous skill.

But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
O tune them all to sing Thy praise,
In better songs on high.

70. P.M.

Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale;
Sweet the wild warbling notes that rise
In grateful chorus to the skies,
And gladden every vale:

But softer, in the mourner's ear,
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptur'd soul she tells
Of peace and promis'd heaven.

Fair are the flowers that deck the ground;
And groves and gardens, blooming round,
Unnumber'd charms unfold;
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
Which robe the clouds in gold:

But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness drest,
Where heaven's own graces shine;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
Which burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

All earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly:
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.

The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of God on high
Beam everlasting day.

71. P.M.

This earth indeed is good and fair;
Its sunny skies, its balmy air,
Its sparkling streams, its leafy bowers,
Its pleasant sounds, its fruits, its flowers,
Speak of a God above:
But if this earth, which soon must fade,
Be thus so bright and lovely made,
What glories shall our eyes behold,
When heaven's eternal gates unfold
And shew us all His love!

If in this world, where death is found,
So many joys our path surround,
What blessings shall our God bestow
In that to which our souls shall go
When death shall be no more:

If on a world by sin defil'd,
Its Maker hath so kindly smil'd,
How gracious must his presence be
In that from sin and sorrow free,
Beyond the grave in store!

72. P.M.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Plenteous Source of every joy!
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

All the blessings of the field,
All the stores the gardens yield,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,—

All that spring with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,—
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores,—

These to Thee, our God! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls would raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall;

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising ear destroy:

Though of other hopes bereft,
Still our hope of heaven is left:
And for this our hearts would raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

73. L.M.

GREAT God! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

The harvest song we would repeat:
"Thou givest us the finest wheat:"
"The joy of harvest" we have known;
The praise, O Lord! is all thine own.

Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

74. P.M.

THE bloom of the year is past,
The clouds are gathering fast,
And winter's storms descend:
    But we will not fear,
    For our God is near,
His children to defend.

Though falling snows may chill,
And biting frosts may kill,
God sends them not in vain:
    His glory beams
    On the frozen streams,
And they shall flow again.

May we so spend our prime,
That when the hand of time
Shall change our locks to snow,
    A beautiful ray
    From the realms of day
May gild our aged brow.

75. P.M.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

76. P.M.

Bless, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe Thy word with power divine;
Make us willing to be Thine.

Where Thou hast the work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bless us all, both old and young:
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All Thy power and all Thy love.

77. C.M.

Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

So fast eternity comes on;
And that important day
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-advancing year,
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.

Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to Thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my willing soul
To joy that never dies.

78. L.M.

Great God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

79. L.M.

My Helper, God! I bless Thy name!
The same Thy power, Thy love the same:
The tokens of Thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

Amidst ten thousand snares I stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far Thy arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make Thy mercy known;

And, while I tread this dangerous land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul on life's last shore,
Would raise one sacred pillar more;
And, when through brighter scenes I rove,
Adore and praise Thy endless love.

80. L.M.

Great God! my Father, and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend!
To Thee I raise my humble prayer.

Endue me with a holy fear;
The frailty of my heart reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

Oh that to Thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!

Oh that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceiv'd approach of sin;
Look up to Thee when danger's nigh,
And feel Thy fear control within!

Search, gracious God! my inmost heart:
From guilt and error set me free;
Thy light and truth and peace impart,
And guide me safe to heaven and Thee.

81. C.M.

One prayer I have—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine,
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, Almighty, and All-good!
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways unknown, or understood,
Are merciful and just.

May I remember that to Thee,
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No: let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

82. P.M.

Lead us with Thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,

Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

Lead us thither! Thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee;
Guide us,—save us,—and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

83. C.M.

Whilst Thee we seek, protecting Power!
Be our vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To Thee our thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er our lives has flowed;
That mercy we adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand we see!
Each blessing to our souls more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns our days,
In every pain we bear,
Our hearts shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings our favored hour,
Thy love our thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
Our souls shall meet Thy will.

Our lifted eyes without a tear
The gathering storm shall see:
Our steadfast hearts shall know no fear;
Those hearts shall rest on Thee!

84. P.M.

FATHER, refuge of my soul!
Let me to Thy shelter fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Father! hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

85. P.M.

My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to dewy eve,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer.

Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
And in the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

86. P.M.

Suppliant, lo! Thy children bend,
Father, for Thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;—
We are weak, Almighty Thou.

With the peace Thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives, and on their hearts,
Father, be Thy laws imprest.

Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above;
Charity for all mankind—
Trusting faith, enduring love.

Here, in joy's triumphant day,
Still may grateful hearts arise,
Bright with rapture's kindling ray,
Purely, fondly to the skies.

Here, in sorrow's chastening hour,
May Thy word its light diffuse;
Fresh'ning as the vernal shower,
Peaceful as the silent dews.

Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
Errors pardon'd, sins forgiven;
Humble trust, obedience sure,
Love to man, and faith in Heaven.

87. L.M.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!
And O! when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

88. C.M.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His vast designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will open fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His ways in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make them plain.

89. P.M.

FATHER! this gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to Thy control;
And pray that while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

The errors of my heart I know;
I feel my deep infirmities;
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise;
But like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore;
And let Thy grace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
But wholly cast myself on Thee:
Oh, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be Thine!

90. L.M.

"ALL yet is well," the mother said,
Who left her only offspring dead,
While she the holy prophet sought,
And deeply felt the news she brought.

Faith in the prophet's God, Most High,
Upheld her hope, reliev'd her sigh;
And while the tear maternal fell,
She calmly answer'd, "Yes, 'tis well."

Thus faith in God could soften grief,
And bring the afflicted mind relief,
Ere yet eternal life reveal'd
Was by our rising Saviour seal'd.

Then let His word support the soul,
And every pain and grief control;
And faith each rising murmur tell,
That God, our God, doth all things well.

91. P.M.

When sorrow sinks my spirits down,
And grief o'erwhelms my troubled mind,
Faith cries, "look up to God alone,
"A refuge thou in Him shalt find:"
My soul obeys the sacred word,
And casts her care upon the Lord.

What though affliction's shades surround
My path, yet God is wise and just;
And oft my fainting soul has found
The promise true, in which I trust;
Shall I then doubt His sacred word?
No—let me humbly trust the Lord.

'Tis in the hour of deep distress,
That we religion's comfort prove;
The chastening hand we feel and bless
Of God, that scourges us in love:

Though nature sinks beneath the rod,
Yet faith reposes still in God.

It is the Lord that strikes the blow;
Let every murmuring thought be still
Oft has He made my cup o'erflow,
And shall I dare dispute His will?
For ever be the thought abhorr'd:
My soul, still wait thou on the Lord.

Wait, till He bid thy sorrows cease,
Till He thy every care remove;
And though thy troubles fast increase,
Thou needst not doubt thy Father's love:
Though He delay, yet trust His word;
For true and faithful is the Lord.

Yes, Israel's God was never known
To leave His children in distress;
Mercy and truth surround His throne,
His judgements all are righteousness:
Still shall my soul this truth accord;
I will for ever trust the Lord.

92. P.M.

Oh! why cast down, my soul?
Oh! why despair?
Why murmur at thy lot
Of grief and care?
Through every scene of pain,
Let not thy heart complain,
For peace will yet remain
If God be there.

The glorious morning's light
Dawns bright and fair;
But soon the heavens grow black,
The lightnings glare.
Yet the red lightnings way,
And the sun's cheering ray,
The self-same love display,
For God is there.

Then welcome, O my soul!
The will divine;
And to Almighty love,
Thyself resign.
Since love divine appears
To wipe away my tears,
And banish all my fears,
His will be mine!

93. L.M.

If all our hopes, and all our fears,
Were prison'd in life's little bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh what should check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Who then in peace could ever die;
Or who would breathe a wish to live?

Yet such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven:

Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

94. C.M.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we—he died.

Perhaps our time may be as short;
Our days may fly as fast:
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last.

We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath Thy chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

All needful strength is Thine to give;
To Thee, our souls apply
For grace, to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

95. P.M.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy Father, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

96. C.M.

Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deepest gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When lov'd ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The yellow star appears!
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bath'd with tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore;
And eyelids that are seal'd in death
Shall wake to close no more.

97. L.M.

The hour must come!—the closest ties
Which bind to earth will sever'd be:
To Thee, O God, we lift our eyes,
And seek our rest in Heaven and Thee.

The tears of nature, gracious Lord!
Thou wilt with pitying eye behold;
And faith in Thine eternal word,
In heavenly prospects will unfold.

The hour will come, when endless day
Shall chase the darkness of the grave:
Jesus, who trod the gloomy way,
Hath power from death itself to save.

The hour will come—the closest ties
Which bound on earth shall be renew'd;
When all shall live, that sanctifies;
And all that sullies, be subdued.

Then shall we see the lov'd we leave;
Rejoin the friends who've gone before;
United bliss from Thee receive;
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

Oh may this cheering prospect guide
In friendship's duties, friendship's joys;
In faith and love our souls abide,
And follow duty's sacred voice!

98. P.M.

MEET again!
Words of truth how beautiful!
By a lov'd one sweetly spoken,
When the trembling heart is broken,
How they charm the fainting soul!
Meet again, meet again.

Meet again!
When we're called to weep alone,
When the grave some friend hath taken,
These sweet words shall bliss awaken,
Meet again with joys unknown.
Meet again, meet again.

Meet again!
Light divine the soul to cheer,
When the heart is filled with anguish,
When in death the flame doth languish,
Heavenly home and friends are near.
Meet again, meet again.

99. C.M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

100. C.M.

This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
Those children are divinely wise,
Who make that pearl their own.

Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst of sin;

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road,
That leads to Thy right hand.

101. P.M.

We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then, soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there.

102. P.M.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful adode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

103. P.M.

BLESS'D is Thy presence, Lord! while lowly bending,
Abas'd by sin, we humbly seek Thy face:
On children of the dust, Thy love descending,
Shall bid us rise, and fill us with Thy grace.

Hallowed Thy presence Lord! before Thee kneeling,
Pure thoughts and holy transports fill the soul:
Thy peace within our troubled spirits stealing,
Far off life's storms and ocean-billows roll.

Heavenly Thy presence, Lord! while here before Thee,
In faith we see the mansions of the just,
Enraptured join the angelic hosts to adore Thee,
And feel Thee all our joy, our hope, our trust.

And let Thy blessed presence, Lord! attend us,
While struggling in the world with sin and care!
Oh may Thy everlasting shield defend us!
May all our hearts be thine—our thoughts be prayer!

104. P.M.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right:
His will is ever just;
However He orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He taketh thought for me;
The cup that my Physician gives
No poisoned draught can be,
But medicine due;
For God is true;
And on that changeless truth I build
And all my heart with hope is fill'd.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My Light, my Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

105. P.M.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

106. L.M.

Sing, Christian, sing! for you alone
Possess the immortal powers of song;

The God who formed you for His own,
Inspires your heart, inspires your tongue:
What though your pilgrim journey lies
O'er desert mountains, rude and wild;
The song of love which charms the skies,
Has many a pilgrim's toil beguil'd.

Then, Christian, sing! for soon the shade,
The dreary shade which wraps the dead,
Shall on your bosom, lowly laid,
Shall on your silent lips be spread:
While pity moves the heaving breast,
While yet the tender tear can flow,
Oh sing the love that offers rest
To man, the child of guilt and woe.

Sing! for these humble strains must cease,
Lost in unutterable bliss,
When, freed from sorrow, face to face,
You see the Saviour as he is:
When life, immortal life, is won,
The song of hope no more can rise;
She breathes her last, her sweetest tone,
Before the dawn of paradise.

The voice of faith and hope must die;
And not to mortal ears are given
The lofty hymns of victory,
Unknown but to the sons of heaven:
Yet have our pilgrim-lays the theme
Which crowns their song of joy above;
In heaven and earth the Saviour's name
Unites the eternal song of love.

107. P.M.

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd, that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years!

So long Thy Power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

108. P.M.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
Here in the body pent, &c.

Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Here in the body pent, &c.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Here in the body pent, &c.

109. P.M.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness thickens, Lord! with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh! abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see:
Oh! Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth did'st smile!
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I've left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power,
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Oh! abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,—
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

110. P.M.

O Lord! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee,
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;

That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee,
On Thee, my God! on Thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord! fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee,
In Thee, my God! in Thee.

111. P.M.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
  Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
  Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
  Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
  Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

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ARROWSMITH, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, QUAY STREET, BRISTOL.

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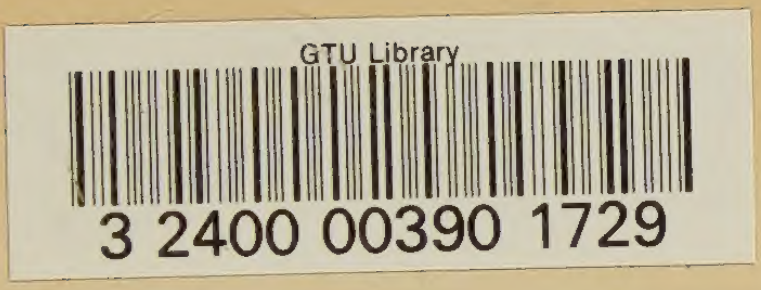

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